

Life

STREET

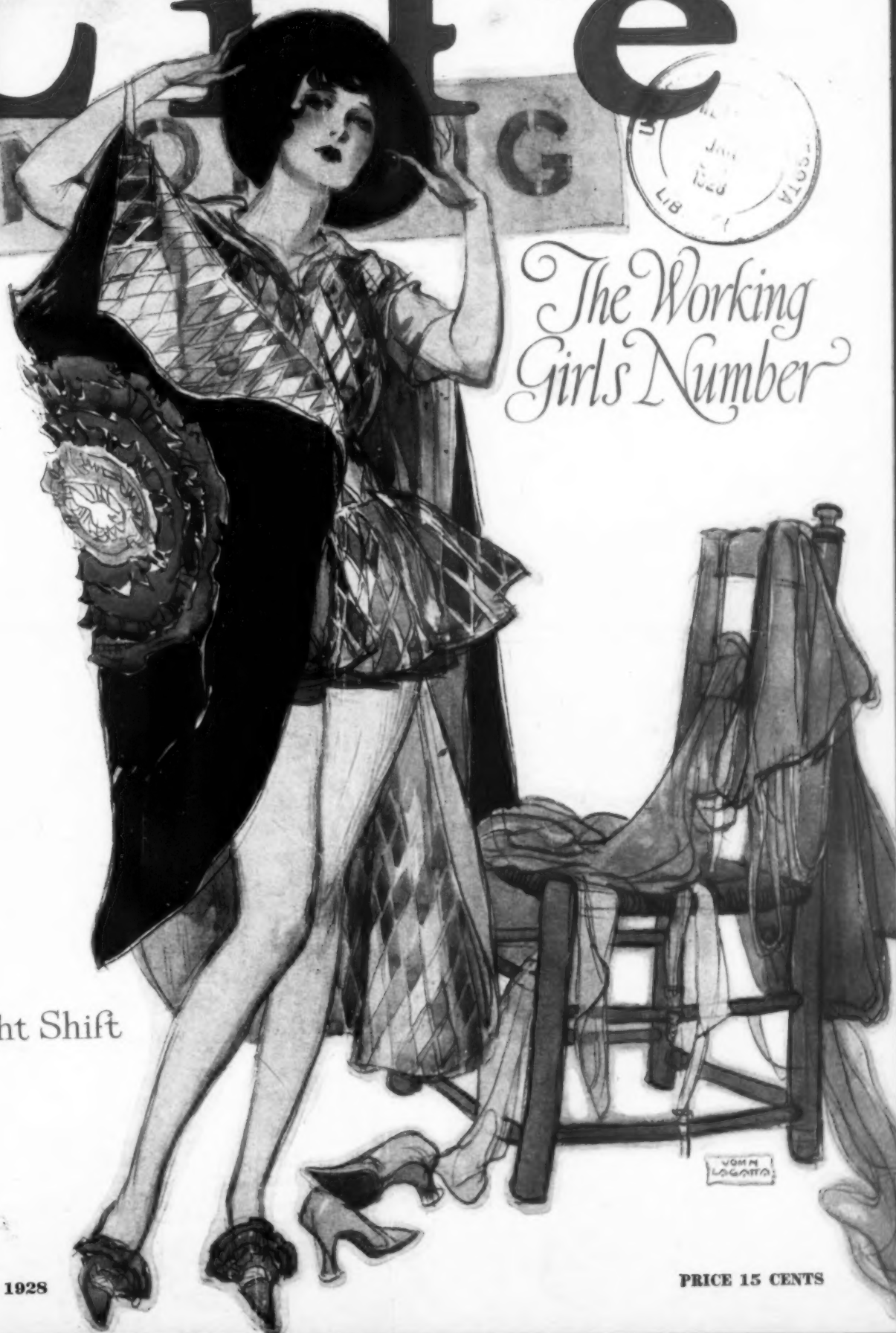


The Working Girls Number

The Night Shift

FEBRUARY 2, 1928

PRICE 15 CENTS





Italian Marble "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, \$35



Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

Oval Crystal Glass "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, \$16.50



Jet Glass "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, \$15

*Sheaffer gave the world
its writing instruments
of real beauty*

Pioneers in elegance! Sheaffer's Lifetime[®] desk fountain-pen set has brought to the work-places of the world a new efficiency. It is a convenience that is now greatly needed in every office and home. Always ready for instant service, responding to the lightest touch, a handsome ornament, this first pioneer quickly became a desk necessity.

At better dealers everywhere

SHEAFFER'S
PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY • FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.
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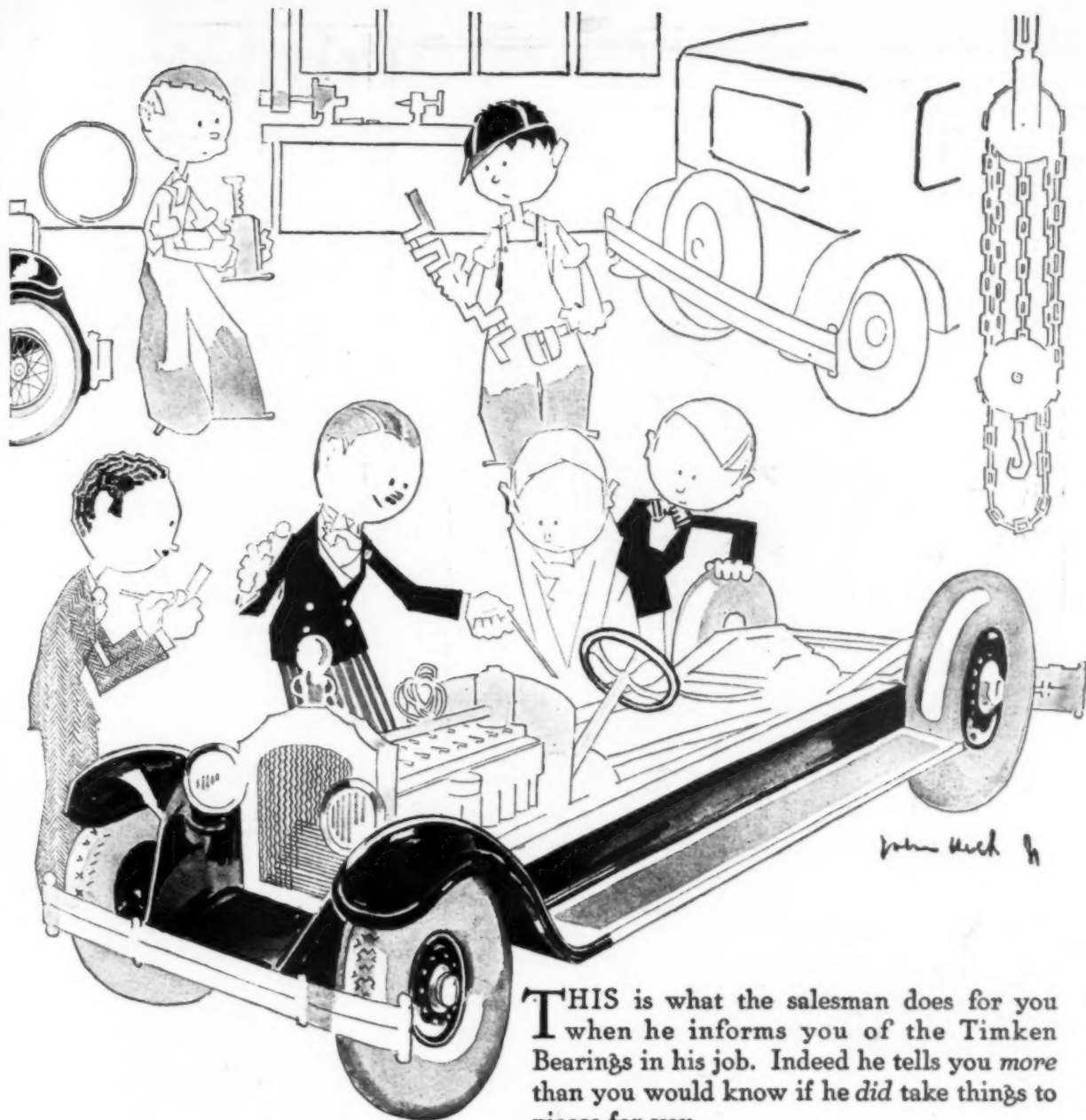
• Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Blue Label Leads 15 cents



Onyx or Italian Marble "Lifetime" Desk Fountain-pen Set, \$11



THIS is what the salesman does for you when he informs you of the Timken Bearings in his job. Indeed he tells you *more* than you would know if he *did* take things to pieces for you.

The presence of Timken Bearings tells you that you are getting the utmost durability in precisely those parts which have the final responsibility for carrying the motion. Timken responsibility covers not only friction and vertical strains, but side-thrust and shock and speed and compactness and simplicity, i.e., the *character* of the design and performance.

Transmissions, differentials, pinions or worms, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fans are kept running like new by Timken Bearings.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Pub. Co., 508 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 91, No. 2361, Feb. 2, 1928. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter, June 8, 1883, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright 1928, Life Pub. Co., in U. S., England and British Possessions.



It's no haphazard coincidence that Talk and Looks have taken on the Campus air.

It's no catering to the whim of the moment that has led the old and the sedate to ape the young

To adopt the language of the young, and the tactics of the young

It's the spirit of the times;

The young people dress up—dress up to the occasion—the fashion—the changing times

It's their youth—their carefreeness—that gives them this love of good looking clothes

They want the thing of today—today

And today starched collars are the emblem of the smart

ARROW COLLARS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC.

ARROW SHIRTS COLLARS UNDERWEAR HANDKERCHIEFS

C231

A Nose for News

"A PARIS divorce has been granted to William J. Fox of this city from Ella Barrett Gile Cox. They were married in Oak Park, Ill., in 1894."

—*New York Evening Graphic.*

Well, she can't say that he didn't give her a fair trial.

⌞

"...the Safety Zone markers on City Streets. Motorists have been warned not to hit pedestrians on White Spot."

—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

If they're hit anywhere else, we suppose it will be counted a fair ball.

⌞

"Fireman were called to Mound and Spring Streets this morning where an automobile caught fire from a crossed wife in the car."

—*Coshocton (Ohio) Tribune.*

It must have been Red-Hot Mamma herself.

⌞

"Mrs. Adele Whitney of the Powder Puff Beaut Parlor at No. 17 Locust St. will be temporarily closed Monday and Tuesday on account of painting but will be open Wednesday, March 9."

—*Santa Cruz (Cal.) Sentinel.*

Adele evidently takes her art seriously.

⌞

"Loving—\$3 per hour. We have strong, experienced young men to handle your goods."

Wilmont Baggage & Transfer Co."

—*Covington (Ky.) News.*

A very fair price, if you ask us.

⌞

"Mrs. Huddleston, Long Beach mother, was the first woman of her sex to swim the Catalina Channel."

—*Long Beach (Calif.) Sun.*

There seems to be one womanly woman left, thank Heaven.

⌞

"FOR SALE—1926 HUDSON BROUGHM in first clash shape."

—*Carrollton (Ohio) Chronicle.*

Take it or leave it!

⌞

"Will gent who knocked lady down with Car at corner Old South Head Road and O'Brien Street, about 7.30 p.m. on Friday last, Call at 630 Old South Head Road."

—*Bondi Daily, Sydney, Australia.*

It sounds like the beginning of a pretty romance.

⌞

"Clara Basscom, a five-year-old gray mare by Peter Scott and out of Grayla, was sold by Tommy Murphy at the Old Glory horse auction here yesterday for \$15,000.00. Oliver Cabana Jr. of Elmira, N. Y. was the purchaser."

—*Glace Bay (Canada) Gazette.*

Who says "she ain't what she used to be"?

⌞

"Last Saturday afternoon at 3.30 Rev. E. H. Zipprodt, pastor of the Baptist church of this city, spoke the words that made George Mathis of Pinckneyville man and wife."

—*Pinckneyville (Ill.) Advocate.*

A perfect companionate marriage!

"Only a sore throat"

Don't ever underestimate the danger of a sore throat; if neglected, it may develop into something serious—as many know to their sorrow.

The same goes for a cold; pneumonia at this time of the year is your great enemy.

At the first sign of cold or throat irritation, use Listerine full strength as a gargle. Keep it up systematically.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing bacteria in mouth and throat, and halts many an ailment before it becomes dangerous.

During winter weather, when you are usually subjected to poor air and sharp changes in temperature, it's a good idea to use Listerine every day as a mouth wash and gargle.

This pleasant and easy precaution may spare you a trying and painful siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Never neglect a sore throat

THE NEXT TIME!

The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.



More than 50 diseases

have their beginning or development in the THROAT. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine. If no improvement is shown consult a physician.

L I S T E R I N E

-the safe antiseptic

27th in 1924

18th in 1925

9th in 1926

4th in 1927

Chrysler

now 3rd

NATIONAL
Automobile
Chamber of Com-
merce sales records place
Chrysler third for 1928.

In 42 months Chrysler, due to
public endorsement, has come from
27th to 3rd place.

All but two makes, far longer estab-
lished, have been outsold by Chrysler.

The order of precedence at the Na-
tional Automobile Shows is deter-
mined by the dollar volume of sales
in the year ended July 1st. In these
12 months, Chrysler sold 193,750
motor cars—a volume of \$275,000,-
000 paid by the public.

No other make of car has ever re-
corded such phenomenally rapid
progress.

In three and one-half years, produc-

tion and
sales have in-
creased six-fold
over the original
record-breaking first year of Chrysler.

There can be no more impressive public en-
dorsement of Chrysler performance, Chrysler
long life, Chrysler quality, Chrysler value.

All Chrysler models are exhibited at the National
Automobile Shows; and in the Balloon Room and
entire lobby space of the Congress Hotel during the
Chicago Show, Jan. 28th to Feb. 4th.

C H R Y S L E R

'52' '62' '72'

40 Body Styles Priced from



Imperial '80'

\$725 to \$6795 F.O.B. Detroit

Life



WIFE: John, I'm writing a paper on calendar reform for our club. Do you know which Pope gave us our present calendar?

HUSBAND: Pope? Good heavens! I thought it came from our grocer.

Better Working Conditions for Working Girls!

The Opening Gun of a Great Crusade

1. NO saleslady shall be expected to pay the slightest attention to a customer until the latter has inquired for the third time if this is the glove counter. When a reply is deigned it shall be along the general line of, "Well, ya see the gloves, doncha?"

2. As a reward for past services a special class called "Disconnection Operators" shall be installed in every telephone exchange, their duties being simply to disconnect subscribers in the middle of important conversations. If, however, the conversation is trivial, or if one party to it is obviously anxious to break away, they need pay no attention.

3. Waitresses in restaurants shall be provided with earmuffs in order to eliminate the necessity of listening to the patrons' orders. If half a broiled spring chicken is called for and the waitress brings ham and beans, the accepted retort in each instance shall

be: "Well, ya ordered ham an' beans. I guess I ain't deaf, am I?"

4. In the future no blonde movie star shall be called upon to portray any intelligence in her countenance. The rule in the past has been that they depict at least one-half of one per cent of intelligence, and this has

been proving pretty much of a strain.

5. Girls contemplating shooting their husbands or sweethearts may have twenty-four hours in advance to telephone newspapers in order that front pages may be cleared for them. All transoceanic hops, heavyweight boxing matches, wars, and other items likely to obtrude on the space shall be postponed.

Probably a lot of other beneficial measures will occur to us from time to time, but these will do for a starter.

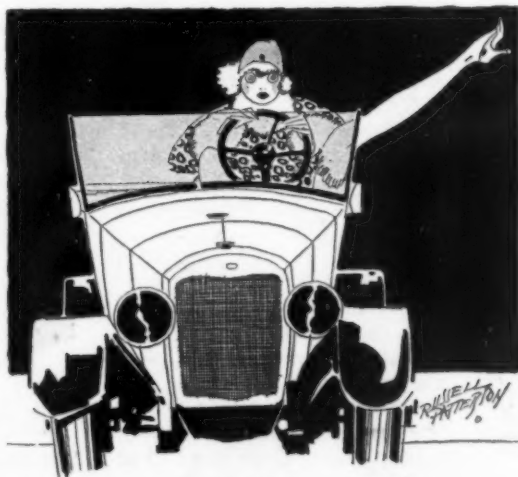
Tip Bliss.

The Strenuous Life

JUDGE: Why have you not made these alimony payments?

DEFENDANT: I can't start till week after next, Judge. There are still two installments due on the engagement ring.

LIKEWISE, a fool and his money are soon petted,



The Chorus Girl Makes a Left Turn



SOCIETY MATRON: Oh, I'm exhausted with work! I've just endorsed five toilet soaps, three brands of toothpaste, and a new type of mattress.

Movie Plot

IT is Election Day in Nicaragua. The forces of good seem hopelessly outnumbered. Already Nicaraguans have cast thousands upon thousands of ballots for the Arch-Traitor to His Country. The True Patriot has but a handful of votes. Things seem to be in a pretty bad way. Manuel Mango, the True Patriot, is seen on his knees in prayer.

Subtitle: "DEAR GOD, CAN NOTHING BE DONE TO SAVE THE DAY?"



ALL TIED UP AT THE OFFICE

Flash to headquarters of the enemy. Pedro Pinto, the Arch-Traitor, is discovered gloating. He picks up the latest election returns: "For Pinto, 52,867; for Mango, 132." You can see the thing is practically settled. Ah, but wait! Pinto gloats some more for a couple of hundred feet of film, then says, in a

Subtitle: "HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA!"

Flash to an armed camp. Men in uniform hastily mounting. One man lays aside clean messkit. Comrade substitutes his own, unwashed. (Comic interest.) Flash of little Armadillo Aquittarius kissing grizzled Sgt. Mike Casey. (Note to casting director: Pick out a sergeant who doesn't grizzle too obviously.) Casey, via

Subtitle: "COURAGE, LITTLE COLLEEN, SURE AND BEDAD, MIKE CASEY WILL SAVE THE DAY FUR YOUR BROTH AV A GUARDIAN."

That shows that Armadillo is the ward of Mango. In fact, she is the only ward he controls in all Nicaragua. Troops mount and are off. Kloppity-klop of horses' hoofs.

Back to Pinto headquarters. Two minutes until the polling booths close. Score now: "For

Pinto, 118,932; for Mango, 218." Pinto's campaign manager produces stop-watch.

Subtitle: "TWO SECONDS TO GO, CHIEF! ONE AND ONE-FIFTH! LOOKS LIKE WE'VE CINCHED IT! ONE-FIFTH OF A SEC—MY GOD! HERE COME THE UNITED STATES MARINES!"

Fadeout of Armadillo in arms of ex-Sergt. Casey, now Secretary of State, while President Manuel Mango beams approvingly.

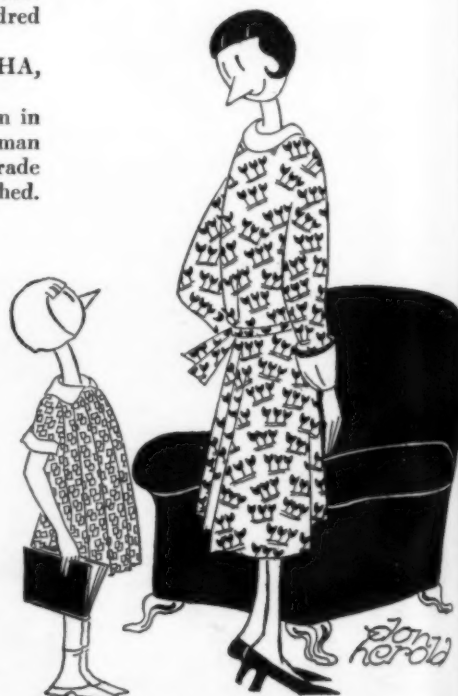
Subtitle: AND THUS DID OUR BRAVE LADS IN KHAHI (Marines haven't worn khaki for years, if they ever did, but it sounds well) ENSURE A FREE ELECTION AND BRING JOY TO THE HEARTS OF OUR LATIN COUSINS WHO TRULY LOVE THEIR LAND.

T. B.

A Voice from the Swamps

LOVE is like Malaria (Anopheles-injected):
You have a spell,
And then you're well,
And then you're reinfected.

IF you can't find it in the dictionary, the atlas or the Encyclopædia Britannica, don't be discouraged. Ask for it at the drug store.



"Mother, why did the French burn Jonah's ark?"

How to Tell the Weather from the Vegetables

"MAN FORECASTS WEATHER BY CUTTING UP ONION."—*Herald Tribune*.

GRAPEFRUIT: sudden showers.
Spinach: sand storms.
Bananas: slippery underfoot.
Apples: bad time for doctors.
Table d'hôte potato: cold and wet.
Pea soup: cloudy.
Mushrooms: uncertain.
Cucumbers (with ice cream): thunder and lightning.
Watermelon: tidal waves.
Cabbage: dull and heavy.
Celery: crisp.
Horseradish: biting.
Red pepper: considerably warmer.
Fried eggplant: unsettled.
Pomegranates: confusing.
Prunes: the same as yesterday and the day before.

H. W. H.

Peerless

THE children were playing a new game called "trial and murder." Little Johnnie, the ringleader, was assigning the parts.

"I'll be the murderer," he said, "and you, Tommy, can be the man that gets killed. Jane can be his wife. But how about Sarah? She's too little to know anything. Oh, I know, she can be the jury."

I UNDERSTAND he goes into conference with his stenographer."

"Yes, they're always putting their heads together."



The Man Who Married a Working Girl



"Have you heard that Edna is engaged?"
"No, who's the plucky man?"

Glossary of Dance Terms

DANCE HALL: A gathering place, or asylum, for half-baked youngsters, driveling oldsters, you, your wife, and other asinine asses who enjoy a

Modern Dance: Any series of violent contortions, accidental or otherwise, executed on a polished floor to the accompaniment of

Modern Dance Music: Any chorus of miscellaneous and unrelated noises, made by such instruments as cow bells, tin pans, automobile horns, horse fiddles and saxophones, which sounds like music after the fourth visit to the

Punch Bowl: A large, ornamental bowl containing a beverage that was probably within the one-half of one per cent limit before somebody spiked it with his

Hip Flask: A little instrument carried by dancers and other people engaged in dangerous occupations,

very useful in resuscitating victims of accidents or nervous collapse on the dance floor, and necessitating frequent trips to the

Cloak Room: A place that cloaks a multitude of things it wasn't intended to cloak, after returning from which you can dance with what they call

Dancing Expression: The look of rapt, vacuous, utter idiocy observable upon the face of any modern, greased-haired dance hound known as a

Good Dancer: What a fellow has to be to keep his feet from being walked on by the other louts so that he can

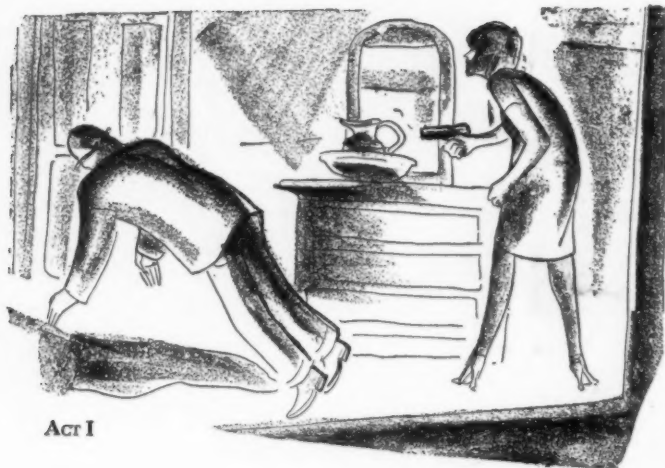
Enjoy a Dance: Sit one out.

Asia Kagowan.

Desperate

FIRST SHOPGIRL: This job's sure a tough graft. I need a rest, that's what I need.

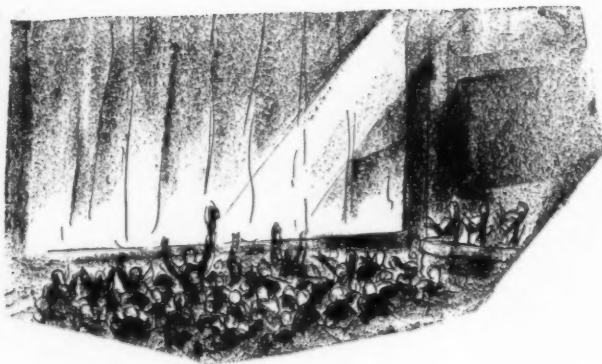
SECOND SHOPGIRL: Yeah, so do I. I tell you what, Mazie, I've just about made up my mind to get married for a while.



Act I



Act II

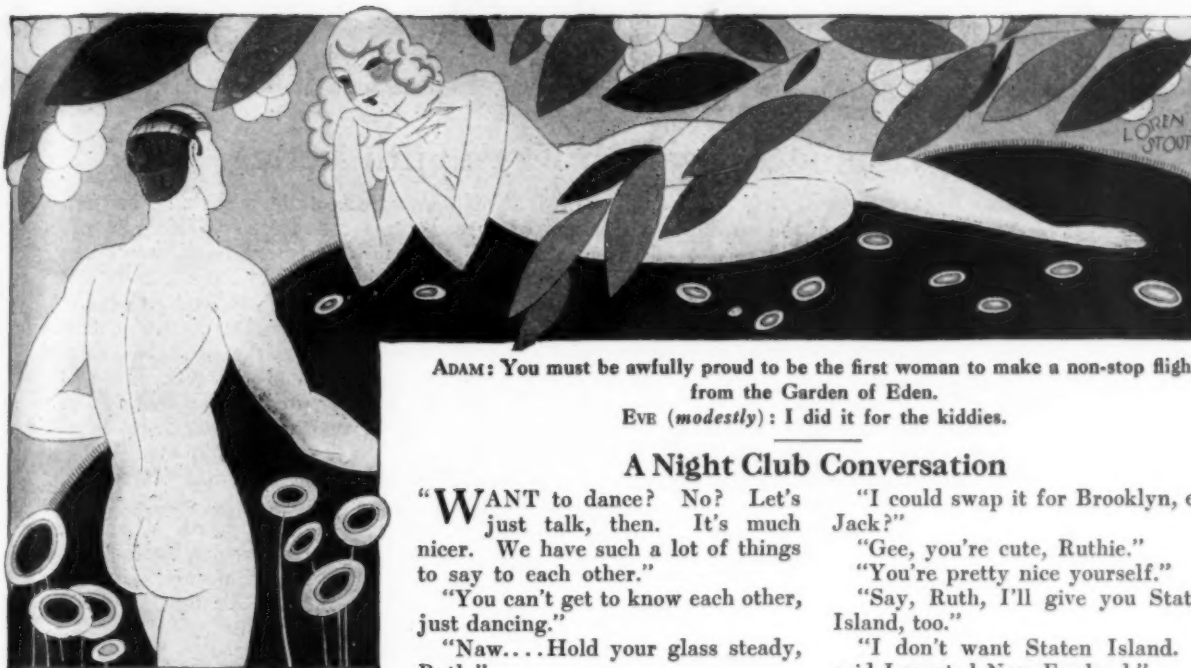


"Hurrah! Author! Speech!"



"My dear, good friends—how can I ever thank you for liking my little play?"

The Great American Drama



ADAM: You must be awfully proud to be the first woman to make a non-stop flight from the Garden of Eden.

EVE (modestly): I did it for the kiddies.

A Night Club Conversation

"WANT to dance? No? Let's just talk, then. It's much nicer. We have such a lot of things to say to each other."

"You can't get to know each other, just dancing."

"Naw....Hold your glass steady, Ruth."

"Not too much, please, Jack."

"I only gave you a little. There's a lot left....Gee, I like this place."

"Yes, New York's nice, but give me New England any day."

"I'll give it to you for Christmas."

"I could swap it for Brooklyn, eh, Jack?"

"Gee, you're cute, Ruthie."

"You're pretty nice yourself."

"Say, Ruth, I'll give you Staten Island, too."

"I don't want Staten Island. I said I wanted New England."

"We're all out of New England."

"You're tight."

"No, I'm not. I'm just feeling good....Come on, Ruth, let's dance."

"All right....Say, Jack—"

"What, Ruthie?"

"It was nice to have had this little talk."

Norman R. Jaffray.

Realization

WHAT care I that now it's ended?

We had happiness a while.
Joy and grief are often blended,
Hidden in a pleasant smile.

You, the one who, gayly smiling,
Bound, but for the nonce, my
heart:

Now have found me less beguiling,
Now decide that we must part.

We had fun while I was taking
You about; but now I see
(Please excuse the pun I'm
making),

Darling, you were taking me.
Carroll Carroll.

Those Honeymooners

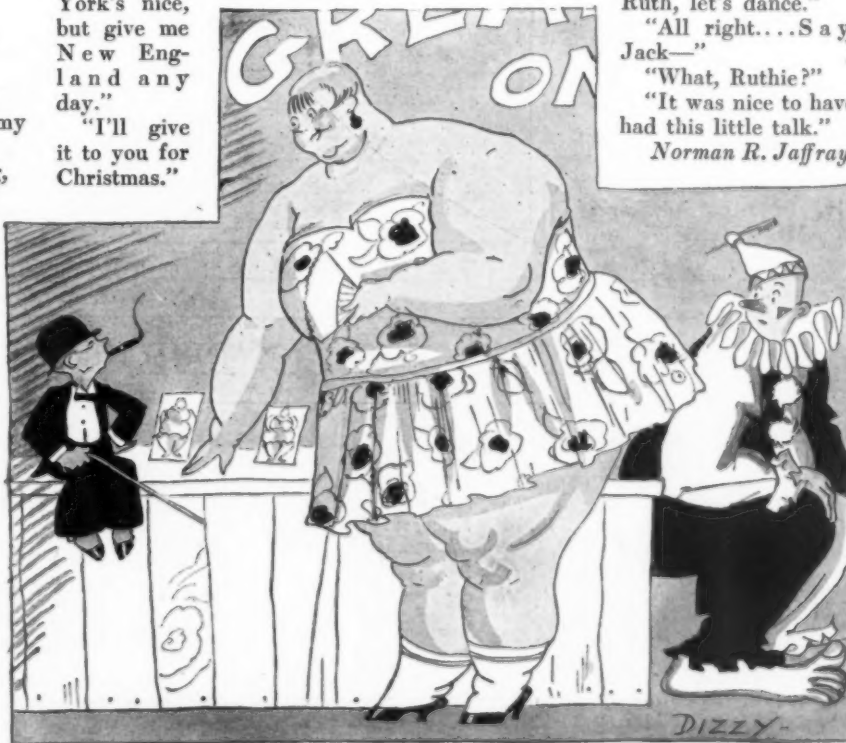
MRS. NEWWED: In one of those quaint temples we saw candles that had been burning before a shrine for over a thousand years.

FRIEND: How wonderful!

MRS. NEWWED: And of course Harry had to blow them out and kiss me.

MOLLY: What makes you insist his heart is in the right place?

POLLY: He laid it at my feet yesterday.



DWARF: Did Flossie marry her partner in that flying-trapeze act?

FAT WOMAN: No; she decided to drop him.

Life's All-America

The Winning Answer to Kay's Fifth Letter

DEAR KAY:

You may not be dumb in any sense of the word, but hasn't aeroplane travel warped your vision?

Certainly, you saw the Mississippi River long before you reached St. Paul, and even there you had more than just a glimpse of the "Father of Waters." The city (not suburb) of Minneapolis is west of St. Paul, across the river, and leads in manufacturing. If the "Twin Cities" are consolidated the name will not be St. Paul. At St. Paul, the State Capital, are located the Cathedral of St. Paul and the home of James J. Hill. Schlitz is "the beer that made Milwaukee famous."

When you hopped off for the West (capital W) did you deviate to the northeast just to pass over Phalen Park, when the Japanese Gardens are in Como Park? Glacier National Park, Montana, is adjoined by the Blackfeet Indian Reservation on the west, and the highway you were flying over is the Yellowstone Trail. The hostelry you mention is the Glacier Park Hotel, but even "Lindy" could not taxi over that uneven ground. From St. Mary's Lake, some 32 miles distant, you might have seen the summit of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain, but it is rarely snow-covered, and Kay, Mt. McKinley in

Alaska is North America's tallest peak. The Great Northern Railroad Co.'s cars bear the insignia of a mountain goat. The black bears are tame, aren't they? The waters from the Triple Divide Peak flow into the Pacific Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico and Arctic Ocean.

Spokane's famous hotel is "The Davenport" and the body of water, Hayden Lake. You crossed the Cascade mountains to reach Seattle. Mt. Seattle is in the Olympic Range. Mt. Rainier (or Mt. Tacoma) does not constitute a geographical division between Seattle and its sister city, Tacoma, but the controversy over its name has often proven a barrier to friendship. Tacoma, the Lumber Capital of America, is on Puget Sound, but the

University of Washington crew men practice on Lakes Washington and Union in Seattle, for the Poughkeepsie Regatta.

The 42-story L. C. Smith Bldg. with its tower is just one of the many points of interest in Seattle. It is an office building and cough-drops, famous or otherwise, are not made there.

As the Columbia River runs east and west you could not follow it south to Portland.

Sincerely,

HAZEL M. PHELAN,
4915 28th Avenue, South,
Seattle, Washington.

PRIZE WINNERS

(Kay's Fifth Letter)

First Prize of \$75.00—won by HAZEL M. PHELAN, 4915 Twenty-eighth Avenue, South, Seattle, Washington.

Second Prizes of \$25.00 each—won by:
J. J. DONATI, 205 Third Street, San Francisco, California.

M. CARLISLE MINOR, Danville, Kentucky.

E. MOWBRAY TATE, Montgomery Hall, San Anselmo, California.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

THE object in this Contest is to detect and correct the mistakes in Kay Vernon's letters—the eleventh of which appears in this issue. The twelfth and final letter will be published in the February 9th issue.

Kay Vernon's tour will cover most of the principal cities of the United States, and each week her letters will include descriptions of the scenes and places she has visited. In these descriptions will be many errors and inaccuracies.

Every answer to this Contest must take the form of a letter to Kay Vernon, telling her what mistakes she has made, and correcting those mistakes. It is important that each answer submitted be marked with the corresponding number of Kay's letter. The prizes will be awarded to those who detect and correct the greatest

number of mistakes in each of Kay's letters, and who express themselves most effectively in their letters to her. Answers to this Contest do not have to be humorous or elaborate in presentation. They must be clear, concise and to the point.

Answers are limited to four hundred words each. There is no limit to the number of answers any one contestant may submit.

The answers to each of Kay's letters will be judged separately and the weekly prizes awarded accordingly. The grand prizes will be awarded to those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole. It is not necessary to answer all of Kay's letters to be eligible for the grand prizes.

All answers to this Contest must be

addressed to KAY VERNON, LIFE, 598 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Answers to Kay's ELEVENTH LETTER must reach LIFE's office not later than 12 noon on Saturday, February 25th. Announcement of the winners will appear in the March 15th issue of LIFE.

All answers must be typewritten, or written legibly and neatly, using one side of the paper only. Each sheet of manuscript must be marked with the contestant's name and address.

In the event of a tie, the full prize will be given to each tying contestant.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE's staff and their families.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE, whose decision will be final.

Travel Contest

Weekly Prizes

For the best answer to each of Kay Vernon's letters:

First Prize - - - \$75.00

Three Second Prizes
of \$25.00 each

Final Grand Prizes

For those who have the best record
throughout the Contest as a whole:

First Prize - - - \$400.00

Second Prize - - - \$200.00

Third Prize - - - \$100.00



THIS IS KAY'S ELEVENTH LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR EDITOR:

We flew over lovely Charleston harbor and saw Fort Sumter from which the first shot of the Civil War was fired. Indeed, the country that I have covered this week is filled with historical associations, including the rocky promontory, Cape Fear, where the Hesperus was wrecked.

We stopped at Norfolk and Portsmouth, where President Roosevelt conducted the Peace Conference twenty years ago and where he reviewed the fleet on its return from the world tour. Then we went "on to Richmond," as General Grant used to say.

What a divine city! I saw Hollywood Cemetery, the final resting place of many famous presidents, including James Madison and Jefferson Davis. There is also a museum where Davis once made his home, and a park named for gallant Capt. Byrd. It was in the church adjoining the cemetery that Patrick Henry said, "If this be treason, make the most of it." There is a very swagger militia cavalry organization here called "The Richmond Blues."

Leaving Richmond regretfully, we flew to Washington by way of Annapolis, where we saw the mummies having a "class rush" in front of McDowell Hall.



From the air above Annapolis we could see the Washington Monument and beyond it the Capitol dome, and we headed straight for these landmarks, arriving a few minutes later at Bolling Field. Of course, I can't begin to tell you everything that I have seen in Washington. Unfortunately, President Coolidge was away in Cuba, or I'd have seen him, but I did catch glimpses of Vice-President Dawes, Chief Justice Taft, Senator Borah and Charles G. Hughes.

We stopped at the Hotel Mayflower, which faces toward all the points of interest. From my window I can see the French Embassy and can look right over into Maryland and Virginia. Two blocks from here is the Lee House, where the great Confederate general lived.

Walking from the hotel to the Capital I passed Georgetown University, the Ford Theatre (where Lincoln died), the Library of Congress and the Smithsonian Institute. Although the distance is only about a mile, it takes forever to cover it because you're always having to go around in circles in Washington. To-morrow I'm going to find the dock on the Tidal Basin where I can take a boat to Mt. Vernon.

Lovingly,

Kay

P. S.—Next week, Baltimore and Philadelphia—and then my wonderful trip will be at an end.

Answer Kay's letter! Correct her mistakes!



Getting Acquainted

LOOK, Dulloreez, izzay two I's in willun?...I dunno why, but

I aw-waze gettatt wuyd mix-tup with fylun—fylun's ony got one I, ainnit?...I thosso, buttaye wuzzn sure; I think spellunz offal hard, yunnoc, speshly wenya ain't sure whatcha notes mean ennyhow.

.....Whassat, Anner? Misser Annussun wossmee? Duzzee wom-mee ta take dictayshn? Awright, tellim I'll be rye tin.....Say, lissun, Dulloreez, wait! I teyya what happunta me lass night...Onnussly, ya'll die wenya hear aboutut! ...I never hassusha thing happunta me—...I wuz gonna take a bath,

see, an' I mussa forgutta lock tha bathroom door, an' I wuz juss step-pun inna tha tub, an'—onnussly iwwazza limmut—olluvva sunnn, tha door opunz, antha fella that rooms acrossa hall cumzin, inniz bathrobe, witha towel overizz arm—well, onnussly, Dulloreez—!

...Wellee juss stoodare inna door likee wuz pettuffide ur sumpm, bub-bulleve me, I wuzzn pettuffide—I juss saddown innat tub sa hard immade my teethake, I parzuttivly never sad-down sa hard immye life. ...An' I wuzzaz mad as two dogs, annye sezz toom, I sezz, 'Cantcha see thaze summuddy in here?' I sezz. 'Ware's ya man-nuz?' I sezz, hidun behine a coupla fossuts, annee juss stoodare, rootud ta tha floor, I onnussly coont help bubbec sorry forum. He kepp tryunta say sumpm,

annollee guttout wuz, 'Blub! Blub!' anniz face wuz all tha culluz atha rainbow, I never seena fella blush so, he looked like summuddy wuz playun cullud spotlights onnum, an-niz jaw hung down soze ya coulda played baskut-ball innut, an' juss at that seccun, who hatta come woddun along but Missuz Muggee, sheeza lannlady—ainnatta swell finnush, huh?...An' she, tha darnole fool, uccourse she hatta gettut aw-wrong!

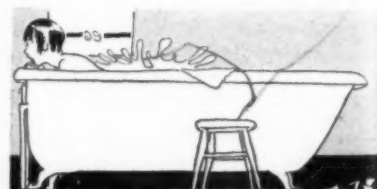
...She waltzuss upta tha poor fella, anshee givesum a heave out inna tha hall, annen she takes her tuyn stan-nun in tha door—onnussta Gawd, Dulloreez, I'm tellun ya tha truth—an' she holluz, 'Pretty go-unz on furra respecceable roomun house!' she sezz. 'Ya cn packya trunk fuyss thing intha mornun, annif ya wuz my daughter,' she sezz, tha fat bloon, 'I'd take ya uccross my lap!' she sezz, annye sezz, 'Yeah,' I sezz, 'ifya hadda lap,' I sezz—I coulda bitta—'Cantcha use ya sense?' I asta. 'Usside frum tha fack that thaze a cole draff frummat door,' I

sezz, 'daya thinkiss any fun fa me ta sittere with nuthun on bummye eyebrowz, wile evvybuddy intha block comes an' stanz talkun ut over?' I sezz. 'Whadda ya think,' I asta, 'thuttye tole im ta drop aroun any time an' we'd havva swim? Daya think I'm sa nuvvuss I can't bear ta be alone?' I sezz, an' she juss stoodare, with tha meanuss esspreshun—I wuz maddanuffta

tear out tha bathtub by tha roots an' throw ut inna face! 'Cantcha unnerstan, yole allugaytur,' I finely yellz atta, 'I forgutta lock tha door! I'm takun a bath, annye jennly takun alone, so pleeze get tout,' I sezz. 'Whadda ya think I yam,' I sezz, 'a gole-fish?'...Well, she finely—

.....I'll be rithare, Misser Annussun, I'm juss askun sumpm abouttem form lettuz.....Anth a funny part uvvut izziss, Dulloreez, this fella cumzup ta me this mornun an' apollujjizuss, anneze reely offal nice...I sorta been watchun im—ya know whutta mean—sorta lookun im over, ever since he come, butteeze offal shy, an' I never cusseem ta getta rize outuvvum before, bunnaw, I think we're gonna be reel good frenz—what happunnd lass night, issorta broke tha ice, yunnoc..... Yess, Misser Annussun, I'm cummun jussuz soonaz I fine my dictayshn pad.....Issa funny thing, Dulloreez—I never been sa modified in awmye life, but on tha other han, sometimes tha darnuss esspeeriuns-suss tuyn out ta be all fatha bess. ...Ainnit tha truth, huh?..... Wuz ya callun me, Misser Annus-sun?"

Heman Fay, Jr.





"Oh, Mother, our Young People's Conference was so exciting! We voted to abolish war."

The True Confession Girl Bares All

HER GIRL FRIEND: Who was that wonder man I saw you with last week?

THE TRUE CONFESSOR GIRL: You mean the tall, distinguished one who lavished costly gifts upon me?

GIRL FRIEND: The same. When I saw him he was gratifying your every whim.

GIRL: He always does. And he whispers tender bits of love to me, too. I met him in a den of pleasure.

GIRL FRIEND: Gracious! What were you doing there? Were you trying to forget?

GIRL: That was it. I was defying all the conventions of society and had sunk deeply into the mire.

GIRL FRIEND: I see. And was he born to wealth and assured social position?

GIRL: Oh, of course. A graduate of a prominent barbers' college, he was what the world calls successful. We were fated to meet.

GIRL FRIEND: How did it happen?

GIRL: Our eyes met first. Our hands touched. He stroked my silken tresses and then crushed me to him in a vice-like grip.

GIRL FRIEND: Did he press kisses upon your lips?

GIRL: Lots of them. And his eyes shot fire, too.

GIRL FRIEND: How exciting. Did he speak with honeyed accents?

GIRL: Very honeyed. He said I looked like some wild, exotic flower. His words seared my soul.



"I see by the paper that Mabel is married."

"Yes; isn't it terrible what some girls will do to get into print!"

GIRL FRIEND: Then did an anguished cry escape you, and everything go blank?

GIRL: Yes. Something seemed to snap in my brain, and suddenly a great light broke over me. I saw it all. This man loved me.

GIRL FRIEND: I see. Love must have been born in your hearts that night. Did he know your story?

GIRL: Oh, yes, I told him everything, but he forgave me and procured a marriage license at once. And now we live in a wonderful little vine-covered home in Yonkers.

GIRL FRIEND: Oh, the wonder of it. Does not your heart sing out for pure joy?

GIRL: It does. Happiness is mine. And now let's turn on the radio. I'm just dying for some excitement.

W. W. Scott.

Cause and Effect

"MY uncle fainted in his office, yesterday."

"Why didn't somebody give him a drink of whisky?"

"Somebody did—just before he fainted."

An Angora Cat Sits in Front of the Icebox

(With Due Deference to Dorothy Parker)

HERE I am and just let them try to kick me out. Let them try—that's all! I'm minding my business. Some day I'll figure out how those catches work, and that will be nobody's business. It's just some kind of a trick. I'll find out some fine day. You'll see. And then—oh, baby! So I'm sticking around. Sticking around right in front of this icebox and saying nothing. Maybe the door will open of itself. That's not so funny—it has been known to happen.

Holy cats, but I'm hungry! What I couldn't do to a plate of steak! Or a bowl of salmon! Or anything! Yes, sir, I'd eat anything, right now. No patent cat food, though. That's a laugh—cat food! That's a treat, that is! Good for the fur. Nice pussy—eat the nice cat food! What



"My dear, I'm simply worrying myself to a shadow! Isn't it marvelous!"



IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

ESKIMO BUSINESS MAN (to assistant): No, I don't like that new stenographer of ours. I have an idea that she watches the calendar.

the hell do they know what's good for my fur? It's my fur, isn't it? I know what's good for my fur. A plate of steak. Or a dish of salmon. Or the leg off a roast duck. I'm not particular. Hell, no, I'm just hungry!

And what do they care? The big zobs. Listen to her. Oo, de ootsey-poot-

sey, minsey-winsey Sherry, den. Yeah? Well, how about a ootsey-pootsey, minsey-winsey saucer of chopped meat? Oh, sure—why don't I eat my nice raw egg that was beaten up just for me? Beat yourself up a raw egg and see how you like it. And spinach! So help me, Hannah, they have the cast-iron nerve to pull that one on me! They call it balanced rations. Oh, they're nuts on balanced rations. For me, that is. Good for the fur. My God, to hear them talk you'd think I was a sable coat. Don't overfeed the cat! That's a hot one. What they mean is don't ever feed the cat. The saps!

For cat's sake, will they ever open that icebox? What do they think I'm sitting in front of it for—my fur? If they wanted a little snack out of the icebox, would they hold off? Like hell they would. Darling, would you mind getting me that piece of cold ham? Sweetheart, if you're hungry, there's some sardines. . . . Oh, Lord, sardines! Who brought that up?

Come on, icebox, be a regular guy, will you? You know me, icebox. Open the door. Not the one with the ice in it—the other one. Come on, kid, I'll do something for you, some day. Be a sport. All right—stay shut. You doggone clam! Judas, I could eat a clam, at that!

I wonder how a mouse would go? Fat chance of a mouse around this dump. God help a mouse around this dump! (Please turn to page 34)

A Riddle

WHENAS in flimsy silks my steno goes:

Item: a pair of pink and cobweb hose,

Item: One frock, a three- or four-ounce sheath,

And practically nothing underneath,

I wonder that grim pulmonary ills
Such as result from winter's gales
and chills

Do not with greater frequency assail
Her slender frame and constitution
frail.

But in some strange and wondrous
manner she,

From bronchial afflictions wholly
free,

Goes through the storms of winter
sans one cough,

The while I sneeze my very whisk-
ers off.

And as I cough and likewise as I
sneeze,

I think upon that gray and ancient
wheeze

Which now of truth appears a very
pearl:

Oh, Heaven *does* protect the work-
ing girl!

For, tell me, doubting brother, tell
me what

Protects the working girl if Heaven
does not!

Baron Ireland.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I could ACTually go MAD and BITE myself at this point because I'm HONestly so iRATE I could CHEW CHIVES, no less! I mean simply EV'ry-thing's been ABs'lutely aSKEW and aSKANCE all WEEK, my dear, and I've been in a perfect FLIT because this odd YOUTH, Walker TIDwell, who I hadn't seen for Aons SUD-denly arrived in TOWN, my dear, and called me UP and said he'd simply HAVE to SEE me because he was only going to be HERE just for a SEC and of COURSE I had a DATE that night with Tom DRIBble, my dear, and I simply LOATHE breaking a DATE with any one only I think in a case like THAT it's ABs'lutely JUSTified, so I called Tom UP, you see, and, my

dear, he was Simply obNOXious about it and got all hot and BOTH-ered, no less—can you BEAR it, my dear? But I told him if he was going to act THAT way about the situation I didn't give a WHOOP-de-doodle and, my dear, he simply rang OFF without another WORD and I s'pose he's TERRibly HURT or something but I think it's perfectly riDIC because don't you think it would have been AWfully RUDE, sort of, not to see this TIDwell youth? But what do you think I ought to DO, my dear? I mean it's not that I give a HOOT about SEEing Tom or anything but I just feel awfully SORry for anybody that's so ab-SURD about anything like that be-cause it's just themSELVES they're HURTING, do you know what I mean? But do you s'pose I ought to WRITE him and exPLAIN or something? Because Aons aGO he asked me to go to the BACHElors' BALL with him next THURSDay, my dear, and I simply don't want TOM to think I'm ofFENDED with him because I mean he's probly been looking FORWARD all YEAr to TAKing me to it and I sort of think I ought to let him KNOW that BY-gones are BY-gones and I'm per-fectly WILLing to GO with him even if he HAS made a FOOL of himself—I mean I ACTually AM!"

Lloyd Mayer.

Gone South

FIRST ESKIMO WOMAN: So your husband has left you again?

SECOND ESKIMO WOMAN: Yes, he's up to his old treks.

TRUTH in advertising—"They groaned when I picked up the saxophone."



PROFESSOR: What did you learn about the salivary glands?

GIRL: I couldn't find out a thing, Professor. They're so darn secretive.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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OUR President made a highly successful appearance at Havana, where he was received with an outburst of friendliness and hospitality. His address was an effort to reassure the Republics who are our southern neighbors on this continent that Uncle Sam had no intentions toward them that were anything else but helpful and benevolent. That is true. It is absolutely true that the United States is entirely averse to extending its sovereignty towards the south, or to embarrassing the cause of self-government in any of the southern Republics. It has tried, not without success, to be useful to them in the settlement of difficult disputes with one another, especially about boundaries. In Nicaragua, where our Marines are now bombing revolutionists, the purpose of our Government, as becomes more and more evident, is to produce a condition of politics in which the United States can get its troops out of that country without repudiating obligations that it has assumed. The situation in Nicaragua is something left over from former policies. The effort now is simply to carry out the arrangement made by Mr. Stimson for an orderly election, when, let us hope, it will be possible to leave that sovereign State to the settlement of its own affairs.

WE want peace on this continent and are evidently of a mind to do anything we can to promote it. To be sure, most people in all countries want peace—want it to be certified. All the same, the number

of those who want it but do not expect it is still large. One reads that Soviet Russia is making gas masks for her urban populations and training children to use them. There has been a three-day poison gas conference in Brussels attended by fifty experts from fifteen countries, not including the United States, to consider protection against gas attacks. The meeting was called by the International Red Cross Committee. This is one of the forms that in our day are taken to meet the familiar counsel—"In time of peace prepare for war."



ANOTHER form of preparation is illustrated by the discussion now going on about the needs of the United States Navy. Nine leading organizations of women have had a conference in Washington on the cause and cure of war. All such signs that the possibility of war is intruding more definitely on public attention are encouraging so far as they go. It is by far the most important subject now open to discussion and, of course, war is a mighty hard nut to crack. Mrs. Catt, who addressed the Washington conference, declared that this is still a war world populated with men equipped with war minds. War being the policy of nations and defense still needed, there could be no practical opposition, she thought, to preparations for defense, the question being how much and what kind of defense to go in for.

M. Briand sits up nights, now-

adays, to fight war. He has had enough and is fertile in plans for keeping the peace. In Germany, one reads, Hindenburg is growing in influence and Ludendorff declining, a change that indicates peaceful dispositions.



CRIMES still make up the bulk of the news that our newspaper readers read. That is not because of any special perversity in readers, but because crime is more exciting than most other topics. It draws attention away from politics, just as a dog fight draws it from a street preacher. Detective stories have always been popular. We get them every day hot off the griddle.

Capital punishment does not seem to be prospering as a method of public admonition. Its main errand is to write Do No Murder in large letters that will stare at the public. Possibly it does accomplish that purpose even now, but murder trials and subsequent proceedings to defeat the verdict when there is one, and delays of every sort, all set forth with large headlines in all the papers, make murder a greater nuisance than ever, and seem to deflect punishment from its primary aim to the all-pervading secondary aim of furnishing news.

Moreover, juries do not seem to like it. Maybe it is out of date.

MR. HEARST seems to have done useful service by publishing all those Mexican documents about disreputable underhand efforts of the Mexican Government to influence the political action of the United States. When the documents were spread out where experts could study them, they all turned out to be forgeries. The whole collection went to grass, and with it, let us hope, the mass of suspicions that prejudiced the relations between Mexico and Washington. That Mr. Hearst published these documents with the benevolent intention of improving the relations between our Government and that of General Calles does not yet appear, but that effect does seem to have attended his activities. The great stroke of all was the selection of Mr. Morrow as Ambassador.

E. S. Martin.



Groundhog Day



The Unemploy



Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

American Laboratory Theatre. East 54th St.—Small but sometimes interesting. See papers for repertory.

Behold the Bridegroom. Cort—The sad story of a woman who was not ready for her Big Moment when it came. Judith Anderson plays the Woman and George Kelly wrote it.

Caponsacchi. Hampden's—Walter Hampden has got out his costumes again and is reviving this successful romantic drama of last season.

Carry On. Masque—To be reviewed later.

Civic Repertory Theatre. Fourteenth St.—This is the Eva Le Gallienne company you hear so much about and a very worthy project it is. See daily papers for repertory.

Coquette. Maxine Elliott's—Helen Hayes giving you something splendid to cry about.

Diversion. Forty-Ninth St.—Reviewed in this issue.

Dracula. Fulton—Some rather suspicious goings-on among dead people and eerie animals. You may be frightened and you may not.

Escape. Booth—Leslie Howard in Galsworthy's exciting account of Society's reactions to an escaped convict.

87 Bowery. Wallack's—To be reviewed later.

The International. Playwrights—Reviewed in this issue.

The Ladder. Belmont—The seats to this are free, owing to the producer's gluttony for punishment. This imposes no obligation on you, however.

The Merchant of Venice. Broadhurst—With George Arliss and Peggy Wood. To be reviewed next week.

Nightstick. Cohan—Good melodrama, dealing with noble policemen for a change.

The Patriot. Majestic—With Madge Titheradge. To be reviewed next week.

Porgy. Republic—Negroes in an epic of Negro life in a Southern city. One of the "worth-while" things in town.

The Prisoner. Provincetown—An earnest effort but, on the whole, much more than that.

The Racket. Ambassador—Excellent melodrama dealing with the business of being a cop in Chicago.

Salvation. Empire—With Pauline Lord. To be reviewed later.

The Silver Box. Morosco—Reviewed in this issue.

Strange Interlude. John Golden—Eugene O'Neill's latest, with Lynn Fontanne, Tom Powers and others. To be reviewed later.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. National—A murder trial which ought to hold the interest of almost anybody.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Baby Cyclone. Henry Miller's—Grant Mitchell in a farce which manages to be very funny over a small dog.

Broadway. Century—Now at "popular prices"—as if the old prices weren't popular.



"You are accused of murder. Have you an attorney?"
"No, Your Honor, the tabloid newspapers are conducting my defense."

Burlesque. Plymouth—The course of true love back-stage in a burlesque show made into a play with some excellent moments.

Cock Robin. Forty-Eighth St.—Reviewed in this issue.

The Command to Love. Longacre—Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone maintaining diplomatic peace in Europe and having fun at the same time.

A Distant Drum. Hudson—To be reviewed next week.

The Doctor's Dilemma. Guild—Shaw's rather lengthy but highly bearable comedy, admirably done.

Excess Baggage. Ritz—Now it is vaudeville that we are taken back-stage at, with at least one novelty feature.

The Ivory Door. Charles Hopkins—Something pretty whimsical which is all right for the first hour or so because A. A. Milne wrote it.

The Medicine Show. Princess—To be reviewed later.

Mirrors. Forrest—To be reviewed next week.

Paris Bound. Music Box—Madge Kennedy in one of the town's few really distinguished comedies.

The Queen's Husband. Playhouse—To be reviewed next week.

The Royal Family. Selwyn—The home life of a patrician family of actors made into a delightfully witty play.

The Shannons. Martin Beck—The Gleasons in a good mixture of practically everything.

So Am I. Comedy—To be reviewed later.

The Taming of the Shrew. Garrick—Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis, in modern dress, seem to have solved the problem of how to make people like Shakespeare.

We Never Learn. Eltinge—To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. Winter Garden—Florence Moore, Jack Osterman, Jack Pearl and Ted Lewis in the best of the series.

A Connecticut Yankee. Vanderbilt—The Mark Twain book set to delightful music. William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

The Five O'Clock Girl. Forty-Fourth St.—A couple of nice tunes, a general atmosphere of class and Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw.

Funny Face. Alvin—Some swell dancing by the Astaires to Gershwin music, and Victor Moore and William Kent as comics.

Golden Dawn. Hammerstein's—Something high-class in operettas, with real singing.

Good News. Forty-Sixth St.—Setting the pace for speed and zip.

Happy. Earl Carroll—One of the series of college musical comedies based on jokes in *College Humor*.

Harry Delmar's Revels. Shubert—Frank Fay and his associates in a routine but amusing show.

Harry Lauder. Knickerbocker—For a limited engagement.

Hit the Deck. Belasco—What is getting to be known as an "old favorite" now.

Lovely Lady. Sam H. Harris—Edna Leedom in a show built especially for her.

Manhattan Mary. Apollo—Ed Wynn at the top of his form.

The Merry Malones. Erlanger's—Much the same as a lot of others, even more so. George M. Cohan is in it, however.

My Maryland. Jolson's—Some good singing in Civil War costumes.

The Optimists. Century Roof—To be reviewed later.

Rosalie. New Amsterdam—To be reviewed next week.

She's My Baby. Globe—For Beatrice Lillie fanciers—as who isn't?

Show Boat. Ziegfeld—Something elegant in productions, with Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan and Norma Terris. Also some fine spirituals sung by Jules Bledsoe.

Take the Air. Waldorf—Will Mahoney being very comical indeed.

White Eagle. Casino—Good, reputable musical comedy, though nothing to go crazy over.



Bedtime Plays

IF we are looking healthier this week, with eyes snapping and roses back in those cheeks, it is because we have caught up on our sleep. We came out of "The Silver Box," after a two-hour nap, refreshed and alert, and although we tossed and turned quite a bit at "The International" and heard the clock strike nine, ten and eleven, we caught at least forty-five winks, and it is the sleep one gets before midnight that does the good.

During our waking moments at "The Silver Box" we thought some of writing a play ourselves based on that little fraternity pin we lost a year or so ago. That's all there would be to the story. We lost the pin somewhere, that's all. But right there we'd have a first act as exciting as Mr. Galsworthy's. If we could get into the dialogue somewhere later a little talk about the Trusts having probably stolen it we could also approximate the social philosophy of "The Silver Box."

However, it must be remembered that Galsworthy wrote "The Silver Box" twenty years ago and since then has made up for it. But to revive it now is like bringing out an old copy of "The Free Silver Bulletin." If we were looking for a word for it we should use "tepid." But we aren't even looking for a word for it.



THERE are several words that we could use for "The International" down at the Playwrights' Theatre. We have strung along with John Howard Lawson ever since "Roger Bloomer," and on through "Processional," cheering and addressing meetings on street-corners in his behalf, but "The International" is just a bit more than even we could go.

Perhaps if it had been done on a real stage we might have put up a better fight. There is no use denying the fact that when you are sitting on the shins of the actors, in a theatre where every footstep across the ground-cloth on the stage sounds like a trap-drummer at work with his sand-papers, and the unfolding of a program by some one up back like a crackling wood-fire, it is rather difficult to throw yourself into a mood where you think you are in Thibet or in the Ministry of War in Paris.

Not that any illusion is particularly necessary in "The International." If you had an illusion there wouldn't be anything to do with it, for there is no play to use it on. There were some very worthy truths spoken and some satirical sallies with which we were in hearty agreement, but we could have read them from the script

with much more comfort and effect. "The International" may very well be good something, but, done in a six-foot opening, even with Mr. Dos Passos' ingenious settings, it isn't good theatre.

When we said that we heard the clock strike nine, ten and eleven at "The International" we were not quite fair. We heard it strike ten and eleven somewhere else.



PHILIP BARRY is one of our favorite personal friend-playwrights, for he has made it very easy again for us to recommend his work. In collaboration with Elmer Rice he has written a murder mystery called "Cock Robin," and while we wouldn't go so far as to say that we were tremendously excited by the mystery end, we were tremendously amused at the comedy which goes with it, and entertained by the tricks of staging.



IN fact, there seem to have been some complaints registered at the noise we made laughing at Beatrice Herford during her curtain speech. Several of the newspaper reviewers said that they couldn't hear the speech. We are mortified that we should have been so conspicuous and raucous, and will take these critics to see the play again, if they wish, as our guests. But if we go too (and we will insist on going) they will probably have the same trouble in hearing again. We expect to annoy several more audiences at "Cock Robin" before the season is over.



WHAT with laughing at Beatrice Herford in "Cock Robin" and being harrowed by Richard Bird in "Diversion," our emotions have been doing quite a bit of gamut-running of late. Mr. Bird, as the young man in love (and quite understandably) with Cathleen Nesbitt, who doesn't give that (*snap*) for him, is a very expert harrower, and we felt quite haggard when we left "Diversion." Sir Guy Standing made such a nice father that it seemed a shame to subject him to the wear and tear of a final scene like that, but we imagine that one runs that risk in having a sensitive son. We wouldn't recommend "Diversion" for a good time, but we didn't sleep a wink at it.

Robert Benchley.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

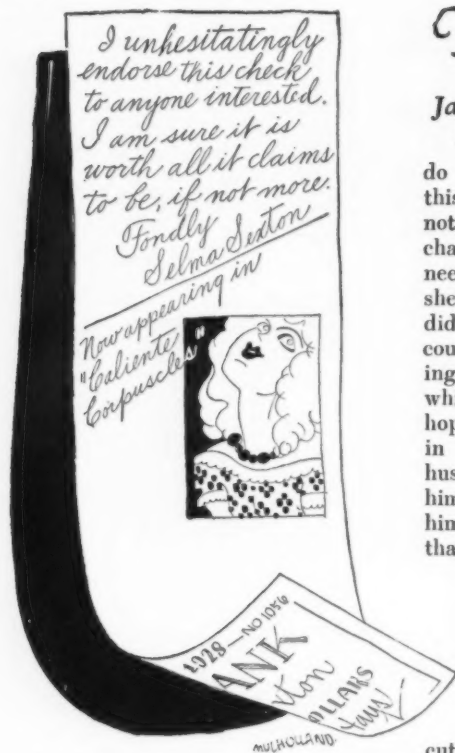
January 10th Restless throughout the past night because of a certain state of misery I do be in, so did put my mind to this and that, and when I could not recall the name of the central character in "The Plutocrat," I must needs leave my bed to search the shelves to satisfy my curiosity, and did find it to be Earl Tinker, of course, and thereafter did fall a-reading patches from various volumes which I came upon, until I somewhat hope I may have caught my death in the chilled room, for then my husband, poor wretch, may repent him of the injustice which I consider him to be doing me. So lay later than usual, but once I was up, off

straightway to the shops to spend some money as a panacea, and did buy footgear of three varieties, and a black suede purse with a glittering clasp of marcasite, and a peach satin nightrobe with exquisite cutwork and no lace soever, which does almost make it a museum piece. Home for lunch of cold veal loaf and salad, in a better frame of mind, too, for why should a woman contemplate suicide who has so many brave new things, especially after she has lived through letting a portion of her back hair grow out en route to a small, low chignon? To pick up young Bedelia Falls, and thence with her to a performance by Keating the magician, and when he did call for a little girl to assist him on the stage, the child was out of my clutches and up behind the footlights before I and the two strange men over whom she had clambered knew what was happening, and I did fear she might break down and begin to bawl when he told her not to mind if



THE GROUNDHOG'S SONG
"Me and My Shadow."

he changed her into a rabbit, but no such thing, and she did acquit herself with more poise and dignity than I could have mustered. And when afterwards we were each given a great coloured balloon at the door, her delight did not exceed my own. A pie of chicken and mushrooms for dinner, Sam and I conversing with the polite formality of recent acquaintances, and when I did decline his invitation to the theatre, he did astonish me by inquiring if I minded his going (Please turn to page 31)



A MOVIE QUEEN ENDORSES A CHECK

The Perversity of Woman

BY pressing a single button on his desk in Washington, President Coolidge can:

- Light up the new "White Way" in Walla Walla—
- Start a roller-skate derby from San Francisco to New York—
- Unteil a new Ford in Flagstaff, Arizona—
- Dedicate a bust of Will Rogers in Yonkers—
- Blow up the Old Soldiers' Home in Elyria, Kansas—
- Formally open the snipe-hunting season in Alaska—
- and
- Start a six-day bicycle race in the Philippines.

But, nevertheless, it's ten to one that he has to ring twice for his stenographer.

Al Fresco.

"MY wife believes there are two sides to every question."
"So does mine. Hers and her mother's."

EVERY OBSERVANT PARENT KNOWS THAT
NO CHILD LIKES STORE TOYS



KITCHEN UTENSILS, FARMING IMPLEMENTS,
SPARE PARTS OF CARS, RADIO SETS
AND WHEELBARROWS ARE WHAT HE CRAVES

Playthings That Children Really Like

Ballade of the Successful Revue

GILBERT and Sullivan are no more.

Who is there now that's as good as they?

Theirs was the time when lyrics and score

Fitted the plot of a music play.

Alas! their formula's laid away;
Out of the spotlight it's long been backed.

This is the rule for success to-day:
Undress your girls in the second act.

The book and lyrics may fetch a snore;

The prima donna be fat and gray;
The comic a vapid and mouthing bore;

The baritone's notes like a burro's bray;

The tenor may look like a popin-jay

(As, in fact, he will) and his voice be cracked,

But it's easy to make the audience stay.

Undress your girls in the second act.

Hammond may hate you and Dale deplore.

Then, on the other hand, Gabriel may

Blow on his trumpet an approving roar.

Piffle! who cares what the critics say

So long as the customers pay and pay?

And they certainly will—it's a God's own fact!

If you're sure from this principle not to stray:

Undress your girls in the second act.

L'Envoi

Producer, if, evening and matinee,

You want to have every performance packed,

It won't do to stop at the negligee.

Undress your girls in the second act.

Baron Ireland.



TILLIE: Mr. Blithers has made me his private secretary. Do you think I'll get an advance?

MILLIE: Lots of them, dearie.

"All the World Loves a Lover"

"GOOD morning, Mr. Braithwaite! Have I told you the good news? I'm engaged to be married! Yes, sir, we're going to be married in June. It's going to be a June wedding. And by the way, sir, if you'll excuse my mentioning it, would it be possible—that is, could you—could I—ah—do you suppose I could have a little raise in salary? I mean, I'll have more responsibilities now, with a family to support. ...What's that, sir? No?"

"Well, Mother, I might as well

tell you now as later. Wilma and I are engaged. Isn't that great?... Why, of course she comes from a good family. What do you think? ...She is *not* extravagant! She promised me she wouldn't buy a single thing we couldn't afford. Two can live as cheaply as one, Mother. ...Nonsense! She hasn't got bow-legs. You're just trying to pick faults with her.... Well, what if she *does* smoke?"

"Mr. Handley, Wilma has asked me to have a little talk with you. We want to get married.... Yes, she's given her consent.... Well, I'm making twenty-five dollars a week now, Mr. Handley, but I hope to get a raise in August.... I know she's been brought up with every luxury, sir, but I thought we could manage to keep up a fairly decent establishment on what I earn.... Is that final, Mr. Handley? Won't you change your mind? Gosh!"

"Hello, Wilma! This is your honey boy speaking. How are you, darling?... What did you say?... Why, I did nothing of the kind! Listen!... Aw, say, Wilma, don't be unreasonable!... Well, now, listen. ...I know but..." (Click.) "Hey! Wilma!... Damn the woman!"

Safe

FIRST BROKER: What's companionate marriage?

SECOND BROKER: Interim security, no par, cumulative, free from stock liability, callable at any time.



The Movie Heroine Does a Little Home Work



The Gay Nineties

Back in the Woman's-Place-Is-at-the-Sink Nineties, "demi-tasses" were supposed to be villainous snares used by the upper classes for the downfall of the poor, helpless "woiking goil" and Heaven was kept busy protecting her. Small wonder that the forerunner of to-day's ten-thousand-a-year lady-buyer had a hard time convincing the old folks that any good could come from her decision to introduce a little sex into the musty marts of trade.

Take the Air

"THE radio—a sterling invention, my dear. Brings the best entertainment right into the home. It must've been a genius who thought of the idea. Ten years ago, who dreamed it would be possible to sit in the parlor and listen to selected talent? Look at the trouble and expense that's saved. No worrying about bad seats. Nobody near to disturb you. No fear of missing the train home. Only think of the wide choice of entertainment at your disposal. And all of it so clear and distinct, too. Nothing else has added so much to people's

comfort and happiness. Take to-night's broadcast, for instance. Rely upon my word that the program will be more enjoyable than usual. Then you'll be sure to leave the key under the mat? I'm so sorry the boys had only one extra ticket to give away. Let me say that I appreciate immensely the agreeable attitude you take towards my going out alone to-night. If you want to silence the speaker, just turn the little knob to the left. A pleasant evening, my dear. Good night. Let me kiss the other cheek, too. Good night."

Harry Epstein.



THE PRIZEFIGHTER: Well, you win, kid. Here's the ring. I always was a sucker for a left.

Sad Song

LONELY boy, lorn boy, wherefore do you sorrow?

Why are you muttering, and gazing out afar?

My wanton one has gone, and I know not where to seek her—

Hiding 'neath a dandelion, or swinging on a star.

Lonely lad, lorn lad, where go your footsteps

Faltering, failing, as though your heart were blind?

My cruel, cruel love has run away with this or that one;

Night and day I seek, but she is nowhere to find.

Lonely youth, lorn youth, how shall you regain her,

Her that forsook you for one bold glance?

I'll roam the weary world till I've come to where she's wandered—

And when I find the darling, won't I kick her in the pants!!

D'Annunzio Cohen.

"He Was So Dumb He—"

HORTENSE: Jack is the most despicable boy I know. Why, he even cheated while he was reading "The Outline of History."

HESTER: How did he do that?

"He looked at the last page to see how it was going to come out."

Some Days She's Lucky

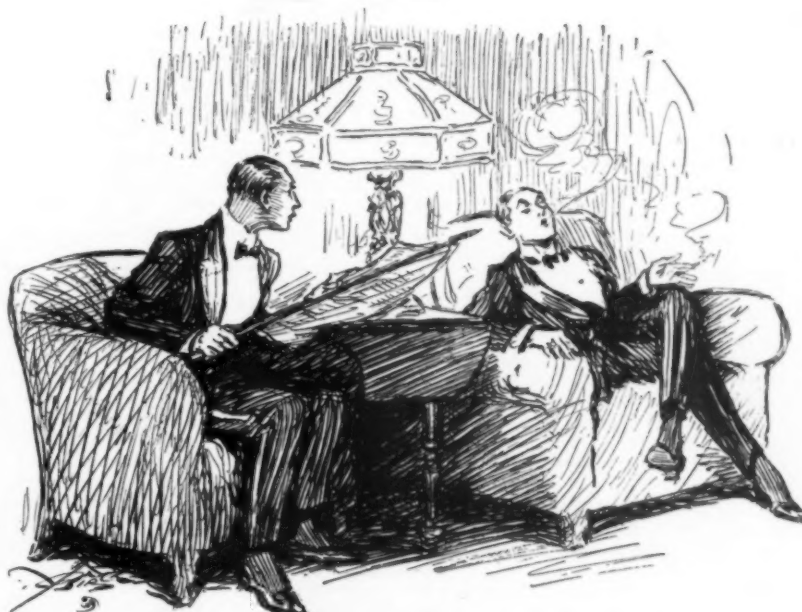
A PRETTY little girl stood on a street corner.

A Market Street car, a Broad Street car, and then a Liberty Street bus went by without stopping. Soon a Euclid Avenue car came along, followed by an Exchange Place car, a Union Depot car, and a Third Avenue bus. Passengers boarded the

ones that would take them to their destinations; but not the pretty little girl. After an interval, another Market Street car, another Broad Street car, another Liberty Street bus passed in regular order. The girl signaled none of them.

Finally she got a ride to work in a Packard.

Bill Sykes.



Two Extremes

"I don't know whether to go and see a show that glorifies the American girl or a play that drags her through the dirt."

THE SILENT DRAMA



Note of Surprise

IMAGINE my consternation when, having written that "The Circus" was Charlie Chaplin's best picture, I turned to the verdicts of other critics and was informed, by some of the most perceptive of them, that "The Circus" was an indisputably inferior piece of work.

Journalistic ethics are journalistic ethics, and I know I shouldn't enter openly into argument with any of the members of my own guild, much less venture to suggest that they are a pack of dim-wits, dolts and cock-eyed liars. But where a picture such as "The Circus" is concerned, a point of honor is involved—and honor should be placed above ethics at all times.

THE fact remains that "The Circus" is Charlie's best picture. Furthermore, it is a solo triumph for Charlie himself; this time, he didn't have his brother Syd to help him, or Jackie Coogan, or Charles Reisner, or Monta Bell, or Mack Swain, or Harry D'Arrast.

Mention of Jackie Coogan inevitably leads to "The Kid," which, in my estimation, is the other best Chaplin comedy. "The Kid" had much more of what is known as "heart interest" than has "The Circus." In the person of the now venerable Mr. Coogan, it had a quality that had never been seen on the

screen before and has not been duplicated since.

"The Circus," however, is funnier than "The Kid." It is funnier than "Shoulder Arms," or "The Gold Rush," or "Shanghaied" or "The Tramp," or any other glorious achievement on the Chaplin scroll of honor.

That, I am told by various critics, is the main trouble with "The Circus": it is too darned funny. They complain because Charlie seems to have forgotten all that they have told him of his tragic appeal, and has returned to the simplest formulas of slapstick comedy. They groan when Charlie descends to the same form of low, rowdy humor that first inspired the world at large to hail him as a great artist.

WELL—I like low humor. My favorite passage in "The Gold Rush" was the scene wherein Charlie cooked, served and ate an old shoe. What I remember most clearly in "The Pilgrim" is Charlie sitting down on a lighted candle.

It may well be (and is) contended that the laugh-getting stunts in "The Circus" are gags—old gags, some of them—of the type that might be used by Harold Lloyd, Buster Keaton or even Larry Semon. There's only one answer to that, and it happens to be a sufficient answer: in "The

Circus," these gags are performed by Charles Spencer Chaplin, as only Charles Spencer Chaplin could perform them.

IT is probable that, when "Hamlet" was first played at the Globe Theatre in London, the younger critics panned it because the plot was old stuff.

"The Devil Dancer"

IT'S too bad about Gilda Gray. She went into the movies, worked hard to overcome her inexperience as an actress, and scored a personal triumph in a mediocre picture ("Aloma of the South Seas").

Her next appearance was in a worse picture ("Cabaret"). Now, in recognition of her earnest efforts to make good on the screen, she has been given a third picture which is probably the feeblest of the three. It is called "The Devil Dancer" and, aside from Miss Gray and a few spectacular scenes, it isn't worth so much as a look.

It may be that Miss Gray will have another chance; it may also be that her career in the films is ended. If the latter proves to be the case, this poor young lady will have to quit Hollywood with nothing more than \$2,000,000 to show for her two years' work. *R. E. Sherwood.*

Recent Developments

Wife Savers. Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in the Alps with a great deal of artificial snow and several genuine laughs.

The Silver Slave. Another "Lady Windermere's Fan," minus the talents of either Wilde or Lubitsch. Irene Rich, however, is still in it.

A Texas Steer. The sure thrusts of Will Rogers occasionally penetrate the atmosphere of amateurish incompetence which surrounds this film.

The Dove. Norma Talmadge goes native and talks cute dialect in the subtitles. Aside from that, it's a fair-to-middling melodrama.

On Your Toes. Reginald Denny in

a full-length sequel to "The Leather Pushers," which is about as good as these pictures used to be, though not nearly so brief.

Serenade. Another delightful Menjou comedy about a musician who didn't pay strict attention to his notes.

West Point. One of these days Metro-Goldwyn may decide that William Haines' education is complete.

Man, Woman and Sin. John Gilbert as a boob in a well-directed drama of newspaper life.

The Gaucho. A none too consistently entertaining romance of heroism and villainy on the slopes of the Andes, with Douglas Fairbanks working hard.

Man Crazy. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall in nothing much.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. The old stuff, well presented and still good for a thrill.

Get Your Man. That demure little lady, Clara Bow, in a bit of lavender and old lace and very little of it, at that.

Love. John Gilbert bites Greta Garbo's neck—then she bites his—and so it goes.

The Girl from Chicago. "Gripping" melodrama that sometimes makes good its threat.

My Best Girl. Mary Pickford goes on forever.

Sunrise, The Student Prince, The Garden of Allah, The High School Hero, The Patent Leather Kid and Wings are all good.



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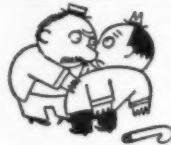
"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"FERNANDEZ TOLD ME YOU SAID I WAS AN IDIOT. I'VE COME TO HAVE YOU REPEAT IT."



"THEN I'LL SAY IT TO YOUR FACE—"



"AND REPEAT IT—"



"BESIDES THAT, YOU'RE A BUM—"



"AND YOU'RE SHAMELESS—"



"AND A THIEF—"



"AND A COWARD—"



"AND A RASCAL—"



"AND A BOOBY—"



"NOW WHAT WILL YOU DO ABOUT IT—"



"ARE YOU GOING TO HIT ME?"



"NO, SIR! I'M GOING TO HIT FERNANDEZ."

—Mihura, in *Gutiérrez (Madrid)*.

Father's Day in Court

SHE: They tell me you were arrested for disorderly conduct the other day.

HE: Yes, I tried being a pal to my boy.—*America's Humor*.



Wife: YOU WANT TO SHADOW MY HUSBAND? BUT I HAVE NO SUSPICIONS OF HIM! Private Detective: DON'T WORRY—WE'LL GIVE YOU SOME.—*Le Petit Bleu (Paris)*.

Quick Work

AN Alabama man declares that the briefest courtship of all was that of a darkey couple in that State. It ran about as follows, Rastus speaking first:

"Why don't you take me?"

"'Cause yo' ain't ast me."

"Well, now I asts yo'."

"Well, now I has yo'."

—*Charleston News and Courier*.

The Noncommittal Editor

FROM the Mercyville (Ia.) *Banner*: "Those who knew Edward Tillinghast will be interested to learn that he has resigned from the orchestra. He made it what it is."

—*Buffalo Courier-Express*.

It is a well-known fact that the half-dozen or so Mrs. Hoppers who have given their former husband the air now have little or no trouble in keeping DeWolf from the door.—*Film Fun*.

Hangover

THESE hunts for new sensations, I am quitting them.

There's nothing in this frenzied tally-ho.

My teeth are firm together, I am gritting them—

And when I grit I grit, I'll have you know.

Henceforth if I must really be gregarious

I'll mingle with the authors on my shelves.

The ways of true delight are multifarious;

The night club is for silly other selves.

There's so much that I've missed while I've been seeing things—

The treasure of the ages in a tome.

It's words, not people, that are human being things.

I'll cultivate that hideaway, the home.

I do not say that drinking I'll abominate—

Liqueurs and wines, they add a rosy look—

But alcohol as such shall never dominate My quest for life; I'll find it in a book.

Of course, right now I need a little pick-me-up.

And then I'll show you that I've got the stuff.

Not me—I'll never let my toddy trick me up.

Enough, I've always said, is quite enough.

But say, last night that hound did bite me hellishly....

Another nip....that's really what I need....

Good-by, old party pals....I don't speakjealously....

You....dick to striking, babies, while I read.

—Howard Dietz, in *New York World*.



She: HAVE YOU ANY GRAPES YET? He (late of the shoe department): YES, MADAM; WHAT SIZE GRAPE DO YOU TAKE? —*Starr Wood's Annual (London)*.

Note on the Red Menace

ON the day of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti in Charlestown Prison, a Boston sleuth sat all day long in a Ford car in front of the Hotel Bellevue. The next day a friend asked him what he was doing decorating a Ford car all day. He explained that the people who had planted the bomb in the New York subway were coming to Boston to plant a bomb there. They were coming, he said, to the Hotel Bellevue.

"Do you know the names of these bombers?" asked his friend.

"Sure I do. Ruth Hale and Edna Millay."—*New Masses*.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Melancholy Thought

So many sobful juries bathed in tears,
So very many of the law-defying
Acquitted to the tune of rousing cheers,
One feels at times there is no use in
trying.—*New York Times*.

"I GAVE up two men for you."
"Well, didn't I give up golf?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



"LESSONS IN DECLAMATION? SO YOU WISH TO GO ON THE STAGE?"

"NO, BUT I'D LIKE TO GET AWAY WITH THE STORIES I TELL MY WIFE."

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

AMERICANISM—An endless quest after something new—a hero, a car or a President.—*Detroit News*.

The Perfect Excuse

A KINDERGARTEN teacher, who was obliged to leave the room for a few moments, returned just in time to see one mischievous little chap sneaking up the aisle toward the front of the room.

"What are you doing, James?" the teacher asked.

James hesitated a moment; then he replied hopefully:

"I was just coming up front to see if everybody was good."

—*Youngtown Telegram*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

First Marriage

AN extraordinary wedding between two screen stars, it is reported, took place at Los Angeles recently. Neither had had any previous experience whatever of the marriage ceremony.

—*Humorist (London)*.

HARRY LAUDER will get an income tax refund of \$913.62, which provides him with the best Scotch story we have heard this year.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE course of two loves never does run smooth.—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

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Americana (1945)

"H. L. MENCKEN is the greatest American thinker since Elbert Hubbard" — extract from a radio speech by the illustrious Fred. B. Windhorst, of the New Philadelphia (Q.) Chamber of Commerce.

"The voice of H. L. Mencken is the voice of the America that William Jennings Bryan carried in his dreams"—from a sermon by Pastor Homer Maxson Gidley, First Zion Baptist Church, Biloxi, Miss.

"H. L. Mencken is not only America's greatest political mind since Theodore Roosevelt, he is also one of the keenest business men in history"—from an editorial in the eminent Hibbing (Minn.) *Herald*.

"H. L. Mencken ranks with Dr. Frank Crane as one of the profoundest philosophers the nation has ever produced"—from a speech by Miss Gussie Y. Fambrough, Vice-President of the Dahlonga (Ga.) branch of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

"Show me a man, woman or child who reads the *American Mercury* and I will show you a man, woman or child who reveres the Ten Commandments"—from a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Hubert Blodgett Oxenham, Second Presbyterian Church, Punxsutawney, Pa.

"The people of America could do far worse than elect H. L. Mencken to the Presidency of the United States"—from a speech by the Hon. Orley K. Twillit, Congressman from the Twenty-Second District, Alabama. *Tup.*

Nize Babies

I HAD just made some apricot brandy. The labor, including that of sampling it, was over and I went to seek solace in ye olde briar, leaving the little woman and Amaryllis to continue with the brandy. Anon, or possibly eftsnoons, I returned.

"Oh," said Amaryllis, "I love to see a man poke a snipe." That proved irresistibly funny to them.

"You mean," corrected the little woman, "'smock a pip.'" Immoderate laughter.

"Smake a purp," said Amaryllis.

"Pock a smook," said the little woman.

"Smick a pep," said Amaryllis.

"Peck a snip," said the little woman.

"Smeck a pook," said Amaryllis. The apartment resounded to gales of laughter—theirs.

"Now wait," said the little woman. "Let's get this right. I love to see a man—"

"Papa smack!" I said.

And I did.

—Henry William Hanemann, in
College Humor.

A NEW instrument is a combination of the violin and the saxophone. We were afraid somebody would think of this.

—London Opinion.



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Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 22)

alone, so I quoth "Not at all!" albeit I could have slain him on the spot, and glad I was to see him back again shortly after ten with the statement that he could stay no longer at "The Command to Love," my only regret being that he did not get into "The Ladder" by mistake.

January 11th It has now occurred to me that I may be in the wrong in my controversy with Sam, but I shall not tell him so at once, for, albeit I do not hold with the much exploited theory that only females with ruthless and swashbuckling methods ever get anywhere, it is a gentle relief to have him array himself and depart in the morning without, when I am anxious to see who is dead or what is going on at Aiken, inquiring if I could bring myself, for a two-million-dollar consideration, to walk down the aisle of St. Bartholomew's in my chemise, or which of the two Smith Brothers I should prefer to marry. Another thing, do I yield gracefully under a possible sense of injury, I may derive some pleasant material advantage from the whole business. To luncheon at a publick with Marge Boothby, she wearing the hat with the felt halo which makes her look like Justice, but I did conquer my impulse to tell her so and that she must burn it up rather than give it away; thence to a matinee of "Paris Bound," each taking a book by previous arrangement against the intermissions which we both despise, and the piece and my novel were so good that I was loth to quit one for the other, the comedy being one of the deftest I ever saw and "Face Value" as fine a job in fiction as I have come across in some time, the J. L. Campbell who wrote it being Em Squire's cozen, so Aldis tells me. Tea at Marge's, she being seriously concerned as to whether any scientific prognostication of death exists, for with the slightest encouragement she would go in search of it, since she has no heirs, and would gladly impinge upon her capital if she did not fear to die an impoverished octogenarian. This day did come from Miss Moat in Palm Beach a fine box of fruit, and we did have a salad of the kumquats, with cream cheese.

Baird Leonard.

Or Open a Window

HUSBAND (in car): Great heavens! The engine is terribly overheated.

WIFE (calmly): Then why don't you turn off the radiator?

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Thanks to the manufacturers for their wonderful product, and I hope that Edgeworth can always be obtainable by the undersigned.

Guy B. Beatty.



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Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidor holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

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They Laughed When Yoshi Spoke to Me in Japanese

(And They're Still Wondering How I Got That Way)

WE had dropped into Yoshi's for a soft drink — Yoshi's, that quaint Japanese place in the rear of No. — River Street, where nothing but Japanese is spoken. Jack Juniper, who boasted a smattering of Nipponese, volunteered to act as interpreter.

"Now tell me what you want to drink," announced Jack grandly, after we were seated, "and I'll pass it on to the boss."

With halting Japanese phrases and much inhalation, Jack translated our orders to Yoshi. Finally Jack turned to me.

"What's yours?" he asked.

"Lemon soda with lots of ice," I replied. Jack's face fell. He knew that my order would be difficult to translate. However, he made a brave effort.

"Ano ne—ano ne san—" but Jack couldn't think how to say "lemon" or "ice." He made motions as if drawing a cork, but Yoshi couldn't get what he was driving at.

"I'm afraid you'll have to order something else," he said finally. "There's a couple of words I've forgot."

Everybody smiled—everybody except me. With great ceremony I beckoned to Yoshi. "I'll explain my order to him," I said. A chuckle ran around the table.

"He can't speak Japanese, can he?" I heard a girl whisper to Jack.

"No—he never spoke a word of Japanese in his life," came the answer. "But watch him. This will be funny. He'll probably give an imitation of flying a kite."

Yoshi addressed me.

"What you rikee, boss?" he asked.

There was a pause. All eyes were on me. I hesitated—prolonged the suspense as long as possible. Then in perfect Japanese I said to Yoshi:

"Yoshi san, you sabe orr same mizu but this kine too much hard, stop inside izaboxu maybe six, seven month orr right, s'pose you bring wan fifty-cent size grass and putting in grass pranty hard mizu and furring up with remon soda mizuo."

The effect on my friends was tremendous. The laughter stopped. There were gasps of amazement. They demanded the name of my teacher.

"Well, folks," I replied, "it may sound strange, but the truth is I never had a teacher. And just a few days ago I couldn't speak a word of Japanese."

And I can't now, either, so far as I know.—Howard D. Case, in Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

A Visit to Grandma's

"AND were you good children?" we asked them, for they had spent the holiday with their grandmother.

"We were little angels," said Doris modestly. "Do you know what Grandmother does? Every time a child calls her a dumbbell the child has to go to bed."—Chicago Evening Post.

A MODERN murderer is supposed to be innocent until he is proved insane.

—Louisville Times.



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To break a cold harmlessly and in a hurry try a Bayer Aspirin tablet. And for headache. The action of Aspirin is very efficient, too, in cases of neuralgia, neuritis, even rheumatism and lumbago! And there's no after effect; doctors give Aspirin to children—often infants. When ever there's pain, think of Aspirin. The genuine Bayer Aspirin has Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

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Why We Separated

By Her

BECAUSE he had a habit of bouncing into a room when least expected.

Because he smoked Sixth Avenue's most asphyxiating stogies.

Because he would sprinkle their ashes all over my favorite desert.

Because he would talk golf for hours on end.

Because he would remain speechless for hours on end.

Because he would insist upon being the Life of the Party.

Because he was either frightfully jealous or not in the least so.

Because he had a way of slamming the door so hard that it would shake the entire house.

Because he liked red-heads.

Because he would tell me the identical lies that I told him.

Because he would insist upon being dignified when completely pickled.

Because he would pretend to be somebody else over the telephone.

Because, after 1 A. M., he had a habit of performing acrobatic feats with the waiters.

Because he preferred blondes.

Because he always wanted to be logical about everything.

Because he almost had a fit if I was five minutes late.

Because he would invariably comment upon the amount of rouge I was wearing.

Because he would never comment upon the *chic* of my new hat.

Because he was crazy about brunettes.

Because, when angriest, he would smile placidly.

Because his bootlegger grew consistently worse every month.

Because he was full of conversation about London, Paris, Rome, Venice, Deauville, and Palm Beach, but never did a thing about any of them.

Because he would almost explode at his own jokes.

Because he was a fool over chess.

Because he nearly always imagined I was flirting with some other fellow.

Because I nearly always was.

Charles G. Shaw.

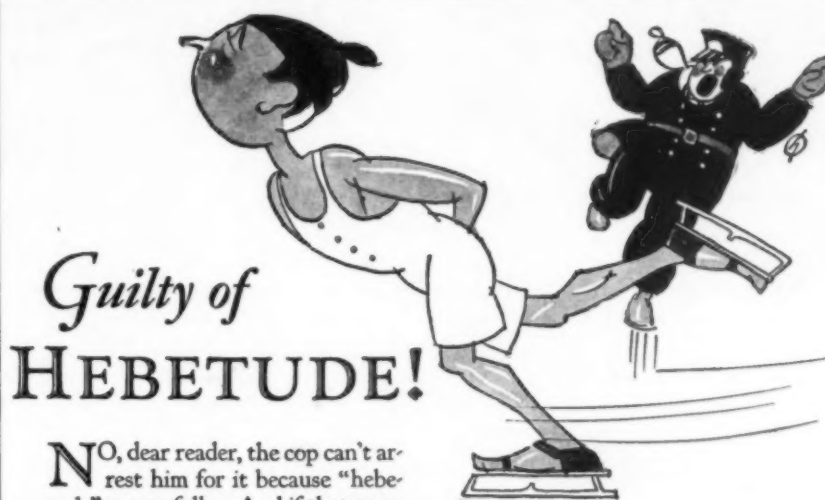
A Tragedy Averted

"Cap'n, our foghorn won't work!"

"WHAT!?"

"Lo' bless ye, Cap'n, if you can say that every ten seconds in the same voice we're saved!"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

This city's declining birthrate, explorers say, is due to an increased desire for life's comforts and luxuries. We are selling our birthrate for a mess of pottage.—*New Yorker*.



Guilty of HEBETUDE!

NO, dear reader, the cop can't arrest him for it because "hebetude" means folly. And if that were a crime, there would be millions of people guilty—including everyone who leaves the delicate lining of his throat unprotected against dust, germs and raw biting winds.

Effective protection is so easy to

get! Smith Brothers Cough Drops safely guard and gently medicate the throat tissues. They quickly soothe irritations, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop coughs. Your whole throat is cooled, cleared, refreshed.

"The cheapest health insurance in the world" 5c—S. B. or Menthol

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS



Clear

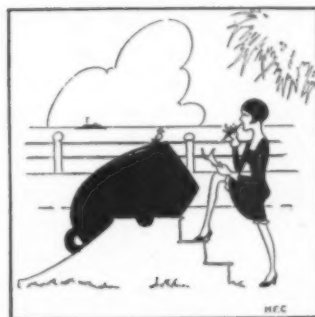
up bloodshot eyes
quickly and safely

When eyes become bloodshot from wind, dust, over-use, crying or lack of sleep, apply a few drops of harmless *Murine*. Soon they will be clear again and will feel refreshed and vigorous. Try it!

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An Angora Cat Sits in Front of the Icebox

(Continued from page 14)

That goes both ways. If I ever saw a mouse I'd drop dead from the shock. What the hell kind of an apartment is it without mice? An icebox and no mice. All right—stay closed. No heart, you have. You're just a—a—an old refrigerator, that's what you are. All ice. No heart. No heart and no liver. God! who said liver?

Aha, he's noticing me. About time, you four-eyed sap! Oh, I'm making him nervous, am I? Look at that damn cat staring at the icebox. Sherry, get away from that icebox! Yes, I will. Like fun I will. That's right, yell at me. Right back at you, kid. Dirty look for dirty look. You big bluff!

Yes, I'll get away. All right! All right! Who wants you yelling at me? All right, I said. In my own sweet time, I will. I'm going—cut it out now! Don't you throw that! All right, I'm going... I'll be back later.

The dirty hound! Chasing me away. Why don't I eat my egg? Why don't you take a jump in the lake? I'll fix him! The mutt! I'll wait until he starts writing again, and then I'll go sharpen my claws on the piano!

Henry William Hanemann.

Introspection

The Prosecuting Attorney Puts Himself on the Witness Stand

Q. WHAT are your sentiments in regard to Cordelia?

A. I love her.

Q. You love her? You're sure you love her?

A. Well, I think so.

Q. You think so? You don't know? What is love?

A. Love is—er—love is—well—

Q. Never mind. Where were you when you first thought you loved her?

A. I was out walking with her on the golf course.

Q. Daytime?

A. No.

Q. Moonlight?

A. I object! That's a leading question.

Q. Let it go. Did you kiss her?

A. I ob—

Q. Objection overruled. Did you kiss her?

A. (Weakly.) Yes.

Q. Aha! Now Mr.—ah—Mr.—Lenhart, don't you consider it possible, just barely possible, that what you choose to call "love" is merely a physical attraction prompted largely by the fact that the young lady in

Excess Fat Is Folly



Reduce as your friends did

Look about you—note how slenderness prevails. Excess fat is the exception now. You must realize that some great factor has helped to bring this change. That factor is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. It is a substance which, in the body, turns food into fuel and energy rather than into fat. Marmola supplies it to those who have too little.

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question consented, in a moment of weakness, to let you kiss her?

A. I refuse to answer. Let's adjourn for a ham sandwich and a bottle of beer.

Q. Right! Parke Cummings.



FORMERLY MOTHERS TOOK THEIR DAUGHTERS TO THE DANCE. TO-DAY IT IS AN EXCEPTION FOR DAUGHTERS TO DEIGN TO TAKE THEIR MOTHERS.

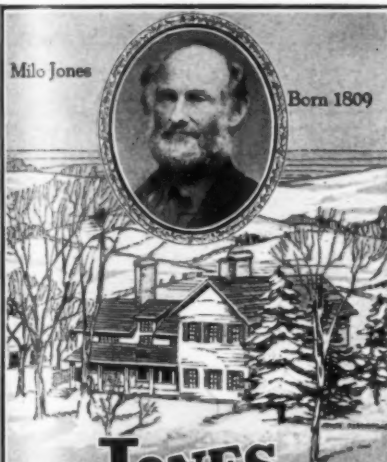
—L'Illustration (Paris).

The Perfect Girl

AFTER a prolonged, nation-wide search conducted by seventeen of America's foremost artists in an attempt to find the young woman who most closely approximates the Venus de Milo but is better-looking and more fun to take out, the committee has awarded the palm to Miss Marian Prindle, a student at the Otsego State University. Silver badges were given to Misses Harriet Crowley and Edna Lasher for their excellent work in the competition.

Miss Prindle, in receiving the palm, exclaimed: "What a beautiful palm! We have palms in Otsego, of course, but nothing like those in your beautiful California. This is the proudest day of my life!" After giving a brief interview to newspaper men, she spent the rest of the day sorting her mail and steaming the uncanceled postage stamps off some of the letters.

Miss Prindle's measurements,



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After
Every
Meal



Its friendly aid to teeth, appetite and digestion will help to keep the glow of health on little cheeks and on yours, too.

which are said by experts to be practically ideal for artists' purposes, or anybody else's, for that matter, are given below:

Height, 5 ft. 5.
Eyes, Blue.
Born, 1907.
Collar, 13.
Calf, 8 1/4.
Number of watch case, 18807
Weight, 115.
Hair, Chestnut.
Occupation, Student.
Cuffs, 6 1/2.
Calf (extended), 8 3/4.
Neck, Yes.

Wholesome, clean living and frequent cold showers after a brisk run around the track are the factors to which Miss Prindle gives credit for her health and beauty. "I'm not

much of a bookish girl," she admitted to reporters. "But I like nothing better than a good, hard game of field hockey or a bid to the Princeton Prom. I eat almost any kind of rich, expensive food when dining out, and a small glass of sherry or an occasional pipe after dinner are my only dissipations. When I smoke, I open my bedroom window, and no one is ever the wiser."

Miss Prindle is a typical vivacious, unspoiled girl, and popular not only with her fellows but with other girls' fellows as well. She expects to graduate from Otsego this spring if she can pass that sordid trigonometry exam., which she flunked last year with a 45.

Norman R. Jaffray.

read Life regularly—EVERY week!

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Get Together

"HELLO, Fred."

"Hello, Ed."

"Five years ago, I left Iowa penniless. To-day I'm worth over a thousand dollars—made every cent of it in real estate. God bless Los Angeles!"

"Out here the air is sweeter, purer. Why, last year I cleaned up nearly three hundred dollars myself."

"Have faith in Los Angeles, where pals are a little truer."

"God bless the Southland, where the skies are a little bluer."

"There are more Fords in Los Angeles alone than in the whole State of Kansas. Think of that."

"Every family has a radio. It's wonderful."

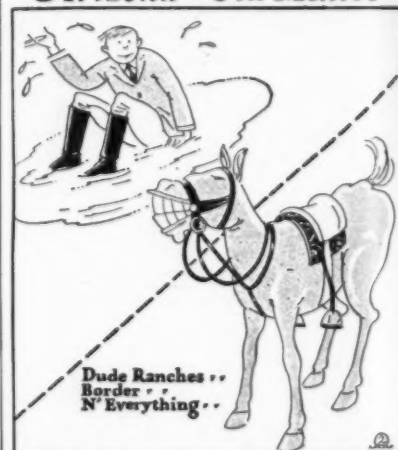
"Once every two seconds somebody eats a California orange."

"I'm buying a big steam yacht on the easy-payment plan. No initial down-payment — just convenient monthly installments."

"Well, so long, Fred. Have faith in Los Angeles."

"Well, so long, Ed. Remember —three million population by 1930."

Robert Lord.

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